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WANTED: A MYCÆNAS.

BY H. R. P.

Any one having viewed the annual collection at Philadelphia and returning in retrospect to that of the National Academy must necessarily admit the marked disparity, a difference of both quality and quantity, which exists in favor of the former exhibition.

For this three reasons come quickly to mind. The Pennsylvania Academy has a capacity of more than double that of the Fifty-seventh street galleries. It is without the menace of ill-lighted exhibition rooms. Its management makes a direct bid for the most representative works in American art.

One is struck with the size and importance of the canvases which crop up in the gallery of the lesser city, art that strangely passes the doors of our national institution on its way south. Can it be that this has knocked and failed of admittance, or do the authors of these sumptuous works know by dearly bought experience that sizeable pictures in New York are out of place—when consigned to the crypts which usually receive them—and that the institution which exists to foster art in the Nation, through the simple inadequacy of accommodation, becomes a discourager of effort and a rebuke to ambition?

Can New York, which assumes to house the annual national collections of art for this country, assumes to patronize this great city to the south, another to the north, and still others to the west, calling them to pay tribute to her in her management of national artistic emoluments—can she afford to offer the scant accommodations of the Fifty-seventh street galleries and feel that her assumptions are justified?

Look at the case for all that it is worth. Measure the actual wall space of the Vanderbilt Gallery—an exhibition room none better in the country—add to that the South Gallery, which, according to weather conditions, is well or badly lighted, and you have all the space that is fit for the exhibition of pictures. The centre room is but a passageway connecting these two, which one quickly leaves for the greater brilliancy of the farther gallery. The side galleries are but store-rooms. Added to their lack of size is their greater lack of light, an unpardonable error which probably did not occur to the architect. Had he been commissioned to build a bridge, a knowledge of the theory of strains would have been essential, but what architect who essays to build an art gallery can tell you about the theory of light as applied to oil paintings; how much sky light is required to illuminate so much wall space, and what distance will this carry before it weakens and dies and the gallery become a vault? From the numerous errors in such construction all over the country, it would be safe to say that this important fact has never become scientific to the building fraternity, and that the correctly lighted gallery is only a happy chance.

When New York builds a gallery, may it be constructed, not by an architect who will erect a monument for himself and a mausoleum for the artist, but rather by a committee of artists who have served on hanging committees, who have seen pictures fade away and die as they have been disposed upon shadowed walls, who have felt like criminals in their forced slaughter of their friends, the innocents, who have in turn been led to the slaughter themselves without indictment, but of necessity. Let such men build the gallery, and it is safe to say that a real hall for the exhibition of pictures will result—one with no meaningless distinction of large gallery and small, but rather a place of even dimensions, with low ceilings, with a living light to be excluded at discretion, and wall room

sufficient to place apart on a single line every picture which is worth accepting.

The American artist has had more against him than any artist in the world's history. He has borne the neglect of his own nation and he has hardened himself in a dogged fight against heavy odds. He does not ask patronage, but should he not insist upon the mere justice of a fighting chance? Is it not time that he demand here in New York to be relieved of the yoke of misapplied architecture, and be granted an opportunity of having his work seen under the complete conditions in which it was produced?

ON AMERICAN MARINE PAINTING.



D. J. GUE
AFTER THE STORM

The attempt to paint the sea is often a pictorial algebra. The quantity X is the well-nigh impossibility to portray the writhing, hanging, coiling masses of waves which roll and tumble, and never are the same if we should wait a thousand years. Well saith Ruskin that to paint the sea is like trying to paint a soul.

But the brushes of Van de Velde, Cuyp, Backhuysen, Turner, Jules Dupré, Courbet have not become hard with dry paint. American artists have studied the pelting and foaming amphitheatre, the green and blue arena, the glittering ridges of the phosphorescent sea, or they have delineated the crags, chiselled into grace by the continuous pounding of the surf, and many have sat under the spell of the unwearied, unconquerable power, the wild fantastic, tameless unity of the Ocean.

One of the greatest of American marine painters died a few years ago. EDWARD MORAN loved the sea, and this love guided every stroke of his